



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Washington" or a "Franklin" or any eminent historical character you wish. Again, let me beg of you, teachers, to hold with your pupils frequent and pleasing conversations in reference to the art represented. Brief lectures will find to be of incalculable advantage; you will be loved, and your pupils will gather closely around you. Do your best, your duty, and success be with you. Happy will be the day when sines and cosines, planets, and imperial boundaries shall be taught, side by side, with Raphael and the great schools of art, present and past.

AN IOWA INSTITUTION.

ROLLO RAMBLER.

A GOOD night's rest distant from Chicago,—in a Pullman palace car, upon the Northwestern railway,—is the beautiful town of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, occupying a commanding eminence, than which there is not another so charming a spot in all the enormous expanse of the wonderful Hawkeye State. It is, indeed, "a city set upon a hill," and the spark of light that was kindled by "father" Bowman fifteen years ago, has become a flame which can never be hidden nor quenched; a shrine at whose altar six thousand of Iowa's brave sons and fair daughters have bowed, to receive a higher education of head and heart that should best fit them for noble manhood and lovely womanhood; an *alma mater* of "the good, the true, and the beautiful;" a Mecca for the after-ages, only less sacred than the birth-place home. That Cornell College is appreciated and loved and only attend its annual Commencement are convinced; and it will well repay a long trip with only this one object in view. "All commencements are alike," you may tell me. At this one is *not* "alike." If you had been so fortunate as to have been there with me on the eventful June day of the present year, you would have fully agreed with Rev. Dr. Fowler, of Chicago, who, in one of his happy impromptu talks, characterized the occasion as "a cross between the 'fourth' of July and a Methodist camp-meeting!" It is, *par excellence*, the holiday of the entire year, the literal "fourth" in enthusiasm, all the region round about, which sends its men and women, boys and girls, with a delegation of long-lunged babies, by every imaginable conveyance, from the luxurious cars of the famous Northwestern railway, and the stylish city turn-out, to the farm wagon and mule team. Gathering, as they do, by thousands, there is no hall nor church that can seat a tithe of them, nor any place so appropriate, so beautifully befitting the occasion, as God's great temple of forest trees, whose over-arching limbs and wide-spread branches combine needful shelter with rare beauty; only the grand Architect of nature has ever brought out. And here, year by year, after a thorough course in all the branches of education that experience has demonstrated to be the most desirable, with all the facilities and appliances of American progress has at once demanded to be applied, come the men and women of the new generation of thinkers and doers, to shake the well-worn hands with their faithful teacher and their best friend, President King,—a man of a hundred years for such a place,—to bid adieu to old

schoolmates, old associations, and old friends, and here, in the hallowed wood of their College campus, commence, in very deed, the broader life that comes to all when men, rather than the works set down in the curriculum, become the textbooks.

Cornell College is a power in the truest growth and best development of the Northwest,—a power, the influence of which is, year by year, widening and extending with gratifying rapidity. It is now upon a firmer basis than ever before, and while the necessity for further endowments still affords opportunities for the large-hearted men—and women—of wealth, it can hardly be predicted to what rank this College may not attain in the grand galaxy of American educational institutions. It will be enough for its friends,—who are not limited to the State that is rightly proud of its location within her borders,—if its influence for complementing the best that books can yield, by the higher good of heart-education, shall increase proportionately with its rapid material growth and prosperity.

AMERICAN ART NEWS.

BOSTON.

George L. Brown has just finished the first really fiery Italian scene he has taken from his easel for a long time, having of late busied himself mostly with moonlights and the more sober noonday effects. His last work is a view of the castle of Ischia, with Capri in the distance. The sun is setting behind the old castle, seeming to illuminate every square inch of the sensuous atmosphere, and burnishing the surrounding clouds with a glowing effulgence that will doubtless raise the ire of those critical Don Quixotes who have the hatred of a Spanish bull or a New England turkey-cock towards anything fiery. But the wonderful, striking part of the picture is found in the Claude-like depth and tenderness with which he has clothed the atmosphere, every particle of which is luminous with radiance. There is a stirring history connected with this castle, but I will forbear inflicting your readers with it. Mr. Brown has also begun two or three other scenes, one of which is a Venetian moonlight. He has for some time been intending to send a picture to Philadelphia, and possibly one to Chicago; but as yet he has not been able to do so, his New England admirers purchasing as fast as he finishes them.

Mr. Wight, whose "Eve at the Fountain" attained such celebrity, but whose greatest *forte* seems to be in those charming interiors he finishes so beautifully, and of which there is such a dearth in American art, is at work on a kitchen interior, which he will have finished late in the summer or early in the fall. He calls it "Pet's First Cake," and it represents a little five-year-old girl, immaculately arrayed in blue dress, with her golden hair flowing about her shoulders, standing in a chair at the table, with her sleeves rolled up, and up to her elbows in the mysteries of dough. She is receiving the instructions of a huge black negress, whose patronizing air is charmingly rendered. The parlor-maid, with her peacock-tail brush, is pausing in her passage through the kitchen to see the progress, and the mother is

looking in at the door. The bouquet of flowers in the window, and the charming glimpse of landscape outside, with the kitten playing on the floor, and the neglected dolls lying around, added to the main figures, all go to make up a very effective scene. Mr. Wight is also engaged upon a semi-nude scene, taken from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," published in this country by Roberts Brothers, which promises to be a fine thing.

George E. Niles, our charming *genre* painter, has made a bold stride out into landscape art, and one which is bringing him golden opinions, and will add much to his reputation. It is a scene in the Adirondacks; and Rev. Mr. Murray, Boston's patron saint in that quarter, has, among others, pronounced glowingly on its merits. It is a view of the upper Ausabee lake and outlying mountains, with glimpses of blue sky between the masses of cloud rolling overhead, and of immense distances seen beyond mountains that stand out boldly from the canvas, which some of our more pretentious artists would do well to equal.

Thomas R. Gould, of "West Wind" fame, has taken a studio here for a short time, and is busy filling several orders for portrait-busts.

S. L. Gerry has just taken from his easel a more pretentious picture than he usually indulges in. Its coloring and composition are very fine, and as an ideal landscape of oriental sensuousness, it is well conceived and executed; but when he professes to call it "Over the River," and transfer the part of the picture beyond the river flowing tranquilly through the foreground, into the world beyond the shores of time, the picture will suffer.

F. H. Shapleigh, who has recently returned from California, has already filled three orders brought with him from San Francisco for California scenes. Two are views in the Yosemite, and the other in the Hetch-Hetchy valley. The latter is the best of the three pictures, and San Francisco may well be proud to have in her parlors such creditable specimens of Boston art.

EARL MARBLE.

BALTIMORE.

Fancy a triangle, at the apex of which shall be a busy, buzzing, active bee; at one of the angles of the base a lively, squirming centipede, and at the other a gross and sluggish snail—then have you neatly symbolized the relative conditions of art in Chicago, New York, and Baltimore. For a city of our size, presumptive culture, intelligence and wealth, we are lamentably deficient as regards art progress; and although we live in hope, and daily eat the bread of expectation, yet we cannot say that we see aught indicative of change, except for the worse. The winter has been terribly dull, and the profits of spring have barely paid up its absolute deficiencies. The few artists whom patriotism or necessity have prompted to remain in Baltimore, have struggled manfully through both seasons, but if they be discouraged at the summer outlook, it is no one's province to blame them. People here do not seem inclined to encourage progress in local art circles. If artists get up a neat and tasteful reception, and issue to the elect gilt-edged and decorous cards of invitation, they

will flock thither, all clad in sumptuous apparel, glittering with seemingly diamonds and goodly gold, and behold you, they will admire and lavish praise, but never a ducat will they disburse—never gladden an artist's heart with an order. When it comes to a sale they will stay at home, and when they do buy a picture, they will higgie and haggle over the price they are to pay, and Jew one down and dishearten one with a paucity of dollars, until it is a wonder that some of our artists do not seek rest from their toils, troubles, and disappointments by calmly eating a couple of tubes of paint. I thought when the art of chromo-lithography was invented, that it was special dispensation of an all-wise Providence in favor of the wealthy people of Boston—that all might have splendid works of art hung around their walls at so much the square foot. I was mistaken; Baltimore was included, and the wealthy here revel in deceptive chromos, and art—real art, meritorious art—goes stalking about the streets in a thread-bare suit of clothes. True, we have a Macænas and a Lucullus or two among us, but they are so few and are so infected with the popular sluggishness on the subject of art, that they do very little.

Mr. John R. Key opened a studio here in December last, and painted assiduously and carefully for months. Then he girded up his loins, and said unto himself: "Behold, I will take a long pole, and I shall stir up the savor of art in this moribund community's nostrils; I will stir up this dung-hill of manure, and see if perchance I may rake out of its recesses a ducat or two." So he brandished his pole and stirred, and he got up a very nice reception, and the daily papers noticed it in their feebly, idiotic, surprised style, and it was crowded with the wealth, fashion, and beauty of the select upper-ten of society. Some eighty artists were represented; ninety-five pictures were tastefully hung upon the walls of Perrigo & Kohl's Art Gallery; Messrs. Key and H. Bolton Jones making a most creditable appearance. Some thirty pictures were sold at ridiculously low figures; Mr. Key's California landscapes and Lake Tahoe views eliciting special commendation and exasperating prices. Mr. Jones exhibited an admirable picture of "Ross Castle Lawn, Lake of Killarney," and two "Views in Virginia," of special merit. Mr. Key's California landscapes were of an especially pleasing character, and two of his Tahoe sketches, respectively, "A Smoky Morning," and a "Hazy Afternoon," may safely rank among the best work that Baltimore has ever been able to claim as the product of local talent. Mr. Key, unfortunately, leaves Baltimore to take up his residence in the more congenial financial atmosphere of New York.

GELASMA.

CINCINNATI.

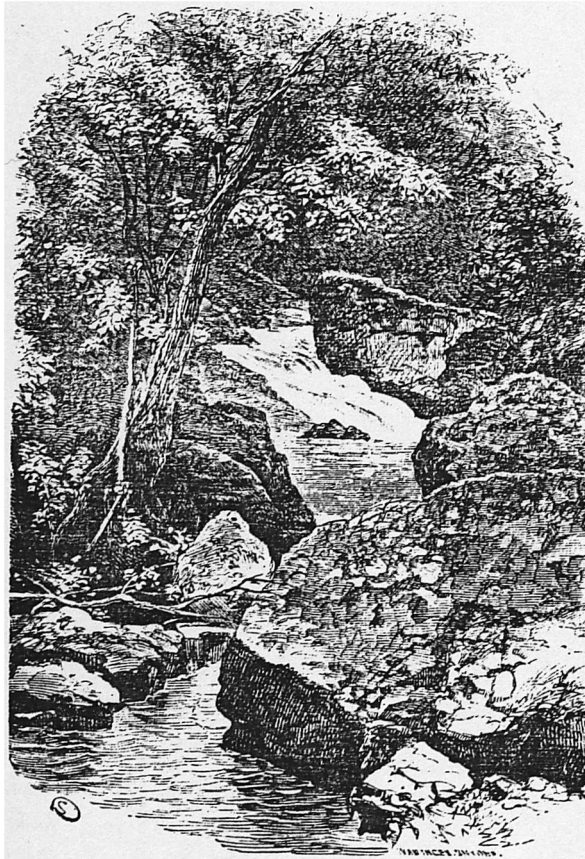
The long June days have come, when nature is fully robed in her glad greenery preparatory to summer airs, and the most beautiful invitations are extended on every hand to the earnest stu-

dent to enter the life school and renew his lessons from the source of all true inspiration. Our forests, hillsides, and winding river shores, afford many instructive themes for pictorial effort, and some of our artists are already in the field recording a new store of facts, as a basis for future and nobler works. The exhibitions and picture stores have fairly teemed, in times past, with "Lake Georges," until the subject has become hackneyed, and hence, to a certain extent, devoid of interest. The natural results are public indifference, and a neglect to appreciate many excellencies which the artist may have imparted to his work. The fact is apparent, too, that the continuous production of a similar class of subjects from pencil memoranda, or at best hasty sketches in color, gathered in distant localities, must be defective in many details, as well as repetitions of each

and study more carefully from the modest beauty which is at hand, rather than from imperfect outlines of far off and more pretentious themes, they may rest assured that sooner or later the public will give that recognition which their merits deserve. Possibly no mere sketch has attracted more attention and elicited such a variety of comment, as a recent production of Mr. T. C. Lindsay, entitled "Study of Old Buildings in Cincinnati." Limited in its pictorial capacity, and crude as it was, from the brief time allotted to it, as well as defective in perspective, it was yet a step in the right direction, and as such is deserving of credit. The public were gratified with a new effort, and readily forgave the imperfections for the novelty and independent treatment of the subject. Mr. Lindsay is an artist of more than ordinary perceptive and imitative qualities, and his success is purely a question of industry and culture.

The offer made by Mr. C. T. Webber, of his "McCook Family" to the State, has been indefinitely postponed by the legislature, who refused to consider the matter at this session. This picture is no doubt an excellent series of likenesses of the persons represented, and as such is of value not only to their relatives, but to the future historical painter. As it records no actual incident, and is a grouping together which is almost impossible to have occurred during the war, its claims to acceptance by the State rest wholly upon its merits as a faithful portraiture. There was many a private soldier who went forth in the hour of his country's need from the broad State of Ohio, now sleeping unhonored and unsung in a heroic grave, whose memory is quite as worthy of being perpetuated in the panels of the State house, as some of the members of this more noted group. It is possible that the legislature considered that portraits of only those prominently connected with the late struggle, would be more desirable than the purchase of a whole family, the fame of some of whom rested simply upon the accident of relationship. The picture is of value, but its proper place, for the present at least, is in possession of the family it represents.

Mr. T. S. Noble has recently shown an excellent portrait, which is remarkable as an example of character painting. The suggestive manner in which the modelling of the head is rendered, and the general effect of the figure, in pose and expression, are commendable. The hands are, however, defective, and would bear more positive treatment. R. S. Duncanson has finished his Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle, a selection from Scottish scenery, in which he is prolific. It has more strength, and is in many respects an improvement over former works. Mr. Duncanson is at present engaged upon some large canvases which promise to do him credit. Mr. J. Gregson has exhibited a work in pastel, which, although crude in color, and incorrect in drawing, is noticeable on account of the irresistible humor of the design. The scene is laid in a mountainous region, with a



"PUNCHEON RUN FALLS," VIRGINIA.

other in form and color. The truth is gradually dawning upon the minds of our artists, that we have, at our own doors, a wealth of beauty in the woodland and river scenery worthy of the highest artistic effort, and which requires but the judicious training of the eye to perceive. The works brought forth under the influence of frequent recourse to nature need not necessarily be topographical in their character, for it is the province of the true artist to impart to every effort a poetic grace and suggestiveness, which ennoble even the humblest wayside study. It has been argued that these home scenes are too commonplace to be appreciated by our connoisseurs and patrons, and like coals at Newcastle, are certain to find few purchasers. The converse of this idea seems more likely to be true, and if our prophets in the artistic field select

broad valley stretching away in the distance. In the foreground, seated upon a ledge of rocks, is an artist, evidently a member of the "Turtle Sketch Club," intently engaged in giving the final touches to a study from nature. Near him are lying his hat and coat, together with the color-box, and other appurtenances of art. A short distance behind him is a huge bear, seated on his hind legs, contemplating his prospects for a hearty meal with evident satisfaction. A smile of grim delight illuminates his countenance, as with a commendable respect for art, he awaits the completion of the picture before devouring the unconscious "Turtle."

Mr. C. P. Ream has had on exhibition at Wiswell's, and other places of resort, a number of fruit pieces which have proved attractive to the public, and elicited much praise. They are exceedingly literal renditions of the subjects selected and while pleasing in color, the arrangements of material seem too studied to appear natural, and a hardness of line in some places injures the perspective. A portrait of an Indian, by the same artist, is positively inferior, as well as an unpleasant theme. The noble red man is homely enough in nature, without calling in the aid of art to exaggerate his peculiarities.

Strauss, Aubrey, Hays, Quick, and others have shown numerous portraits of various quality, from the artistic down to the servilely mechanical, which might be profitably alluded to did space permit. The usual number of amateur productions have appeared in the shop windows. The subjects selected are generally of the highest order, either historical, *genre*, or allegorical landscape, and are presented in colors at once the most brilliant and barbaric the resources of the palette can furnish. An obvious peculiarity of this class of works is the entire absence of drawing and perspective, which are doubtless judiciously omitted on the principle that too many excellencies detract from the unity of a great theme. These efforts have their uses, however, for if they fail to benefit their aspiring authors, they at least serve to amuse the public, and also improve in a remarkable degree the colorman's trade.

DWIGHT BENTON.

INDIANAPOLIS.

I have just been visiting the studio of Mr. Jacob Cox, of this city. His collection of paintings, though not large, is very excellent. He has on exhibition a piece called "Purity"—a female head. The picture is one that rivets your attention at first, but a more intimate study reveals to the artistic eye still greater beauty. It is exquisite in its simplicity.

"A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;
For the fond graces from her easy mien,
And heaven's soft azure in her eyes, are seen."

The face is of the Grecian style of beauty, the hair ripples in sunny waves carelessly back from the low, wide forehead. It is remarkable for delicacy of coloring, and beauty of expression. A half-open rosebud nestles in the simple *coiffure*. It is in every way a happy conception, one worthy of the true artist.

A large painting, "The Madonna and her Children," is a beautiful picture; the chief attraction of which is the fascinating expression the

artist has given to the mother and her boys. The drapery and coloring are both good, and the perfectly moulded forms are well defined in their graceful and striking attitudes.

Another which has attracted considerable attention is, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which is certainly a very fine representation of Sir Walter Scott's admirable poem. The duchess and her ladies, in elegant attire, sit listening to "The harp a king had loved to hear." The benevolent expression of the duchess' countenance proclaims her good heart, as the trembling hands of the "old minstrel" sweep the strings:

"The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
'Till every string's according glee,
Was blended into harmony."

In the background stands the "orphan boy," who carries the minstrel's harp. To all who have read the poem, this picture is full of interest, affording a pleasant subject for study. In point of expression and color, as well as in arrangement of figures, the picture is much to be commended.

"The Toper," a jolly, red-faced gentleman who is holding a mug of beer in his hand, and who seems to be laughing at something he has just related, is a good representation for that style of picture.

"John Anderson, my Joe, John" is very suggestive, as is the "Market Girl," which is feelingly portrayed. He also has several fine landscapes, characterized by their fidelity to nature.

Mrs. S. S. Starling has on exhibition at her studio "The Beggar Girl," painted in Paris. It is a copy of a picture formerly in one of the art galleries of that unfortunate city. The pinched, half-starved form of the "Beggar Girl" is plainly visible through the tattered garments that hang loosely about her shivering form. The expression of the face is haggard and wild, and the tear drops are slowly trickling down her wasted cheeks. The picture has some very fine points, and is well worthy a careful examination.

The art of painting is not flourishing in this city as it should, although I think the prospects are brighter now than heretofore. Mr. Cox and Mrs. Starling seem to be imbued with the true spirit of art, and are doing much for its advancement. We have other "lesser lights," laboring faithfully, of whom I may speak in another letter.

E. S. L. THOMPSON.

CHICAGO.

The spring exhibition of the Academy of Design took place while the May number of THE ART REVIEW was going through the press; hence at this late date, and for the additional reason that many of the pictures have been since removed, it is idle to enter into any elaborate criticism. It may however be said briefly that in point of merit it was not a success. Many of the landscapes and figure pieces seemed as if they were "manufactured" for the auction shop; and a proportionate number of the portraits incline us to believe that they were made for the China market.

The hanging committee deserve censure for the manner in which their thankless duties were performed. The "line" was given to pictures which in some galleries would not have a resting place at all; and many canvases were exalted

or so placed that their good qualities could only be seen by the aid of a step-ladder or a powerful glass.

The *piece de resistance* of the exhibition was Starley's "Red Jacket" (102). In this the story is well told. The old chief is excellently well drawn; the head is full of character, and the figure displays an action that does credit to the knowledge of human nature possessed by the artist. The accusing prophet and "Corn Planter," the rival of the illustrious brave, are well imagined. The people surrounding—all anxious listeners—are well grouped, though there is in many instances a strong family resemblance. Several inexcusable errors are manifest in the drawing of the figures, and, with few exceptions, they show a hardness in color, which is far from natural. The perspective of the clump of forest in the back ground is badly handled, and the same may be said of the sky. As a general thing, the drapery is well treated. Blankets, buckskin, feathers, etc., each has its individual texture. As we have remarked, the grouping and composition are well conceived, and in these is the great merit of the picture.

Noble, of Cincinnati, exhibits a marked improvement in every respect in his "Price of Blood" (72). The story, which alludes to the past history of our country, is told with great feeling and truth, and the various characters—three in number—are nicely discriminated and contrasted. The drawing is good, and the handling of color and modeling indicates a freedom and boldness that can only be had, when the imagination and hands are *en rapport*. The print of Abraham and Isaac, dimly seen in the shadow, is not superfluous, as has been supposed by some critics. It adds to the force of the subject by showing the difference between the worship of God and mammon.

"Street Minstrels" (37), by Constant Mayer, though a careful study, is inferior to others of his compositions. The face of the boy playing the violin is weak in color and inclines too much to chalk. A couple of little *genres* (46 and 58), by Carl Hubner, are treated in a spirited manner, and exhibit that thoroughness of detail which is the *motif* of the French school.

There is a coldness and hardness about the "Phantom Ship" (10), by Dix, which reflects no credit on the imaginative powers of the artist. The water is badly drawn, and slovenly handled. A portrait of a lady (1), by John Phillips, is remarkable for its ease and grace, delicate handling of color, and a sweetness in expression. Another by the same artist—that of a medical gentleman well known—is full of character. These two are the best of the four exhibited by him. "Wind and Waves," by Paul Brown (6), is very uneven. The water lacks motion, and is not good in color. The rapidly drifting clouds, and the aerial perspective give a good idea of the rising storm. Drury's "Morning in the Mountains" (8), is faulty in composition, and the sky is far from being good. It is to be regretted that many of our artists will persist in making studies from the mountain ranges, and at the same time forgetting to thoroughly study the refraction of light, and the peculiarities of aerial perspective only to be found at great elevations above the sea level. Bradish's portrait of Charles Elliott "from recol-

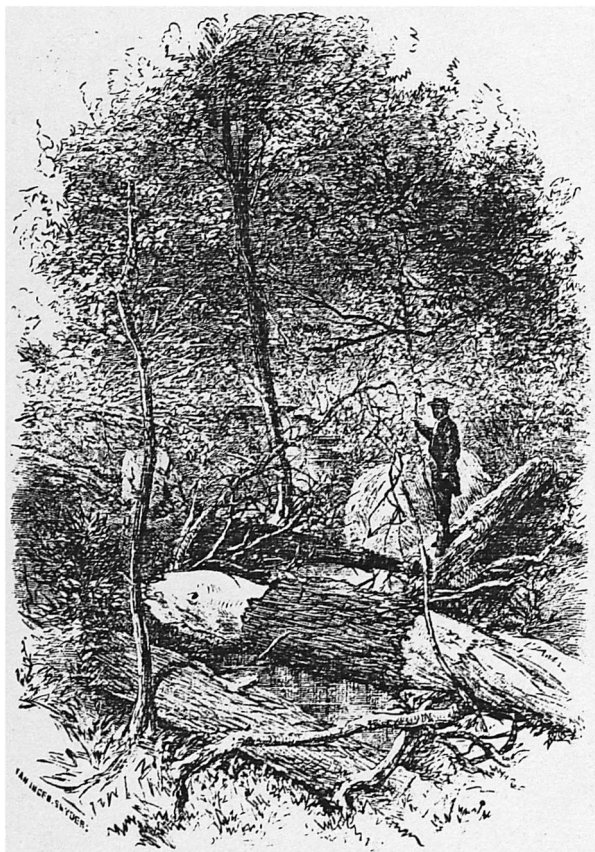
lection" (21), is very bad, and does not deserve a place in the gallery. Two portraits, by Schwerdt (11 and 19), are hard in drawing, and chalky and cold in color. Trotter's "Twin Alderneys" (30), are bad in drawing and faulty in color. We do not plead guilty to a want of gallantry, but a strict regard for truth compels us to remark that a portrait (34), by Mrs. Fassett, does that lady no credit. It has the appearance of a servile copy, and the handling of color indicates a total want of freedom. The magazine on the table is well painted.

Diehl's "Wealth of Summer" (42), is a good study of color, but there are serious errors in the drawing of the figure. The face is without expression. Hamilton's "Boston Harbor" (44), is one of the best landscapes in the exhibition. The water perspective is nicely handled, and the ship in bold relief against a cumulous mass of storm-portending cloud is well conceived. Hilliard's large canvas, "Bethel Meadows," shows more real progress than any of his large pictures we have seen. There is, however, a coldness in color, and the perspective shows carelessness in drawing. A character portrait (45), by Henderson, gives great promise of excellence in the future, provided this artist will not allow himself to be carried away by the favorable criticisms which this picture has evoked. There is a slight unevenness in the color of the face, but the head is modeled with great force. The hands are badly drawn, and their color has been sacrificed to give effect to the old volume, over which the subject is poring in deep meditation. As a portrait, it is one of the most notable in the exhibition. "October in the Catskills" (48), by McEntee, is the best landscape in the collection. The sky is magnificent, the atmosphere has that sunny warmth and haziness belonging to Indian summer, and the trees are gorgeous in the robes of departing vegetation. "Ophelia" (56), an ideal head by George Harvey, is a splendid piece of color. The expression of hopeless love and a broken heart is finely rendered. The head, in a word, is treated with a tenderness of feeling and a power of imagination which can only arise from a thorough understanding of the metaphysical drama of the "bard of Avon."

In the "Ruins of the Claudian Aqueducts," by McEntee, we find an admirable distance and atmospheric effect, but the foreground is carelessly worked up. Reed, *filis*, has made a great stride for the better in his fanciful study of "Meet me by Moonlight Alone." The color and drawing are superior to anything we have seen from his easel in a long time; and in this picture he gives promise for the future. Beecher's "Comforts of a Smoke" is a fanciful study of street life. It is rather "painty" in handling, and betrays more of the studio than nature. Some woodland scenes (74, 9, and 126) by Ford, indicate that this artist has adopted the style to which the French give the expressive name "*toujours perdrix*." These are less meritorious than his earlier efforts in the

same line. Those beeches and sycamores, with their pre-Raphaelite trunks and wooly (we know of no better word, though this hardly expresses it) foliage have done duty so often that habit in painting them has robbed them of their individual characteristics. The beeches are a reproduction of the beech, and ditto of the sycamores. Pickering's "Brother and Sister" (50) shows a positive advance backwards. Both figures are bad in drawing and hard in color. A portrait (15) by Gollman is noted for its clearness and exactness in drawing, but the color is harsh and cold, and the flesh tints are chalky.

At Moore's gallery in the Opera House, we noticed a large collection of pictures, but all are mediocre save two, a landscape by Inness (which for strength of color, fidelity to nature in drawing, and love of out door scenes, is unsurpassed by



"PURGATORY,"—VIEW IN "PUNCHEON RUN," VIRGINIA.

anything we have seen from his easel in many a day), and "Protecting the Pets," by Diffenbach. This represents an old hen on the war path for a cat, which threatens to make a raid on her brood of chicks. A little girl, with a beautiful face, playfully retains the cat from its destructive designs; in the distance is the farm yard, and road leading to the village. The handling of color—particularly the grays—is excellent. We would suggest that this is a good picture to put in the hands of an engraver, as the subject is one that would be appreciated by all who have a fondness for pets.

John Phillips has been in Peoria for the past four or five weeks, where he was engaged on several large and important commissions.

G. M. GÓMEZ.

ST. LOUIS.

We have no continuous or annual exhibitions in St. Louis, to break the monotony of the exhibitions of our artists at the picture shops, as you have in Chicago and the Eastern cities. But our artists work on patiently and devotedly under such disadvantages. No doubt the public suffers the greater loss, but they bear the privation with wonderful patience and composure.

J. R. Meekers' new painting, "The Acadians in the Atchafalaya" has been the centre of attraction during the last few weeks among the lovers of art in St. Louis. It has been well placed on exhibition at Harding's, and an unusual number of our citizens have seen it. The picture deserves all the praise it has received. It is a charming rendering of the following passage of Longfellow's Evangeline:

"Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades: and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon: and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored: and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over their vast and high extended the cope of a cedar,
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial."

It has all the excellencies of Mr. Meekers' former successes in representing Southern scenery, and has in addition an air of romance and sentiment that even the uncultivated are not slow in appreciating. Mr. Thos. E. Tutt is the fortunate possessor for the sum of \$600.00, and the artist has several orders growing out of its exhibition. He has now on his easel a picture of the

same size, but of Northern scenery, that we think will be really as attractive as the "Acadians." It is not so unique in composition, but is full of quiet beauty, illustrating a favorite passage from one of the poets.

We notice on the walls at Harding's a fine rendering of mountain scenery by Louis Schultze, which does him great credit. Mr. Schultze is not what may be called a popular painter. But those who appreciate good pictures and can tell them at first sight, are always confident that he is worth studying. His work is strikingly honest and pains-taking, and his coloring quiet and truthful without the slightest attempt to beguile the eye with sensational effects. We wonder that the picture has not obtained a purchaser.

J. R. Stuart, in whose studio we find several

examples of his usual style of portraits, has produced a spirited picture, cabinet size, of the Royal Prince Frederick of Germany. The subject is mounted and on the battle field. Stuart has seen enough of military life to treat such a subject with peculiar advantages, and when the picture is placed on exhibition we predict that it will be much praised.

Conant has been fruitful of portraits lately, and has had his full share of space at Pettis & Lethe's gallery. Among these are Capt. Eads, our bridge builder, in which the artist has done justice to the engineer, and a half-length of the Rev. Dr. Nichols, a popular Presbyterian minister of St. Louis. No one doubts the ability of Mr. Conant which has been proved time and again to the satisfaction of our public, but he does not appear to strive to do his best. So he fails to win the fame which a more constant ambition would surely give him. Why should not an artist always do his best, refusing to paint at all where the subject does not interest him? There might be a momentary loss of patronage in pursuing such a course, but ample compensation would certainly follow.

A. G. Powers has on exhibition at the same place a three-quarter length of a well known St. Louis lady that is in his best manner. Indeed, we may say that we like it better than any thing we have seen from his pencil. It has just those qualities that the public cannot fail to appreciate. The *pose* of the figure is good, the coloring in keeping throughout all parts of the picture, and no harshness or pastiness in execution to detract from the merits of the best parts.

J. M. Pattison has in the same room "The end of Summer," a scene on Bass Lake, near St. Paul, Minnesota, in which the first approach of the autumn's transformation is shadowed forth with great delicacy. In the foreground we have a fine display of the native flowers and ferns brought out with patient skill. He has also in his studio a fine sketch under way that we shall notice at a later date.

ÆOLIA.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Nohl has just finished and placed on exhibition in his rooms, on Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House, a very powerful painting of Indian Lip,—an Apache chief, his squaw and papoose. They are before a fire blazing upon the desert sand, the warm, flickering light throwing every feature in their faces, every line and curve of their superficial anatomy, into the strongest possible effect—the peculiar effect produced by light from below instead of above. All the facial characteristics of the three faces are brought out in all the beauty and strength which only the master hand can call forth by the combination of study, experience, and that intuitive poetry inseparable from the true artist. The chief sits smoking his pipe, with all the calm and peace possible in the nature of an Apache; immovable and silent as a statue of bronze, such as he seems to be, in color, firmness, and power of resistance. But the eye, the contraction of the muscles of the forehead, the visible nostril, tell of that habitual watchfulness comparable from the untamed creature—the animal that sleeps with unclosed eyes. The eye contradicts all the iron solidity of repose, suggested by the restful attitude of the figure, a sense of the mind standing sentinel, while the material

steals a little rest, forces itself upon the spectator, who turns cautiously from the figure to study the rest of the picture with an idea that the least sound might startle it into the defiant attitude of a roused tiger. While the man's body seems of copper-like firmness, and something bidding defiance to arrow or bullet—the very perfection of manly strength and athletic endurance, the woman's features, and the curves and lines of her figure, are softened with the sleek softness of the panther's supple gloss and gracefulness. The attitude of this figure, the ease and firmness with which her right arm, pillar-like, supports her weight, and the weight of the child climbing upon her hip, are, to the student of art or the anatomist, beautiful evidence of the painter's knowledge and art. The cold, steel-like glitter of the moonlight, catching upon that little portion of the figures where it can play, is in beautiful contrast with the livid flame of the camp-fire. The cold, reflected light steals upon their foreheads; along the bronzed thigh of the chief; upon the woman's hips; the child's tiny limbs, like the icy sheen of winter upon sleeping cannon on the battle-field. The silvery, silent water sleeping in the distance, relieves the eye after gazing at the fire, darting its yellow tongues into the rising smoke, shooting little whirling eddies up through the graceful clouds, rolling up, glittering with the sparks from the crackling wood, like a floating Ellsler draped in merry illusion and glittering jewels.

The smoke from this fire is a study worthy the attention of any painter in the world, and Nohl, although buried for the past twenty years in the *terra incognita* of California, yet nobly maintains the family reputation, and the descent from many generations of celebrated artists. The picture is five by six feet, and in Chicago, New York, or Boston would not be on exhibition twenty-four hours without a purchaser.

BARRY & PATTEN.

SANTO DOMINGO CITY.*

This town is the capital of the Dominican Republic, and in its early and prosperous days was the scene of much splendor and magnificence. All the expeditions of the bold Spanish explorers and conquerors set out from this city. The town was built by Columbus and his followers, and the days succeeding those of the great navigator witnessed the greatest wealth and prosperity of this capital of the New World.

Churches, convents, and palaces were then built on a grand and magnificent scale; and paintings and other works of art were brought from Spain to adorn them.

Diego Columbus became viceroy of the island, and maintained a court which vied in splendor and gaiety with that of the mother country. Many beautiful ladies had followed their adventurous lords to the New World, in the train of Diego Columbus. They added refinement and grace to the little court, and no doubt they increased the number and variety of its entertainments. Trade and the arts flourished there for some time.

* While the Island of Santo Domingo is hardly yet one of the United States in name, yet its Art, such as it happens to possess, properly deserves a place in the record of "American Art News."—EDITOR.

Many of the edifices erected by the early Spaniards are still standing, and are monuments of their wealth, prosperity, and perseverance in overcoming manifold difficulties.

The ancient architecture of Santo Domingo is feudal and warlike, rather than graceful or poetic in style. The old churches and convents are built of massive blocks of stone, and look quite as much like fortresses as like temples dedicated to the service and worship of God. The church of "La Merced" is a prominent example of this kind. It is built of huge blocks of limestone, which are now blackened and stained by time. The edifice is grand and imposing. It is difficult to classify the style of architecture; as far as my observation goes, it seems peculiar to Domingo. The interior of "La Merced" is vast, and although one is impressed with its bareness, one cannot but admire the graceful sweep of its arches. There are four chapels on each side, each one being devoted to some special saint. The ornaments of the churches are, for the most part, cheap and tawdry, and sometimes even grotesque. The altar of "La Merced" is blue and silver, and is very pretty; the steps leading to it are dark blue. The pulpit stands apart from the altar, and is supported by a dark green sea-monster, with fiery red eyes. The tail of the monster is reared perpendicularly into the air, and upon it rests the sounding board. This certainly indicates a very crude taste in art.

The other churches are similar in architecture to the one I have described, of course differing somewhat in their interior decoration and adornment.

At present there is but one really fine picture in Santo Domingo. It is an "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo. In bygone times there were in the convent and church of San Domingo, pictures by Murillo and by Velasquez, but during the occupation of Domingo by the Spanish, and then by the French, these *protectors*, upon leaving the island, robbed the Dominicans of whatever valuable paintings they possessed.

The "Conception" is unmistakably a Murillo. In pose and expression it is very similar to the "Immaculate Conception," by the same master, in the Louvre. In this Dominican picture there are no cherubims. The Blessed Virgin stands upon a crescent. She is clothed in white, with full flowing sleeves, and has also an outer robe of blue. Her hair is unconfined, and ripples down her back; her hands are clasped upon her breast, her head inclined slightly on one side, and her eyes are fixed, as if gazing upon some extatic vision. The picture is exceedingly beautiful, but it unfortunately hangs so high, that one with difficulty studies its varied beauties. The background approaches a deep amber in color. This picture is in the cathedral; the others I shall describe are also there. Not far from the Murillo is a large picture representing the baptism of John by Christ. John appears to be standing in a torrent. Christ, who is on the bank, pours water from a shell onto John's head. Two angels stand near John, holding his raiment. Other angels are hovering in the clouds. The Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, is poised in mid-air, between Christ and St. John. The thought and composition of the painting are the same one sees in many of the works of the early masters. The

execution is crude and hard. In body and limbs Christ has the appearance of a muscular Christian, but the expression of his face is weak, almost to imbecility.

Near by hangs a small emblematical picture of the Virgin Mary and child Jesus. It is very quaint, and is a riddle to me. In the foreground is a large tree, with wide-spreading branches. From the middle of the top of the tree rises the Virgin Mary. Her robes are thick and stiff, the lines of the drapery and figure are straight, forming a perfect pyramid. In one hand she holds the child Jesus, in the other an apple. The infant Christ is dressed in thick brocade, and looks as stiff as his mother. The Virgin has a white cap upon her head, which is tied under her chin. Over the cap she wears a crown; this is encircled by a halo, then by another circle, or glory of light, then an outer circle of green, which touches the head of Christ on one side and the apple on the other. There are three cherubims hovering in the clouds. In the foreground is a shepherd, kneeling in adoration of the holy mother and child. His dog is sleeping at the foot of the tree. Upon the trunk of the tree are the letters P. A. Z. In the distance are a church and mountains. The color is weak and the drawing stiff, but there is a great deal of expression in the faces.

Opposite this mystic picture is one of Saint Elizabeth, which reminded me of one of Michael Angelo's witches.

Near the grand altar is a large picture of the Madonna and Child. It is rather Byzantine in style. The Mother of Christ stands upon a golden pedestal. Her robe is of cloth of gold, thickly studded with roses, her mantle is of the same material and design. She bears the Child Jesus on one arm; he is dressed like his mother, and has a golden halo about his head. The Virgin's head is covered by her mantle. Two cherubs hold a crown above her head, another cherub above these holds a scroll, upon which are the words "Ave Maria." The color of her face is dark, her expression is sweet and mild. In one hand she holds a red rose. The background is deep blue. At the foot of the pedestal King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella are kneeling. Their hands are clasped upon their breasts, and their eyes are looking up to the Blessed Mother and Child. The color is rich and warm. This is evidently a very old picture.

I think I have now mentioned every picture worthy of attention remaining in the distracted Dominican Republic. The people there have very little to lift them up into a higher life. Their love of the beautiful is generally lavished upon

the cultivation of flowers, and some of these are exquisite. If annexation to some great nation should ever take place, commerce would revive and wealth flow in, and in this new prosperity the churches, which are the repositories of art in Domingo, would share.

L. B. R.



FRIAR TUCK AND THE BLACK KNIGHT.—From "*Frankoe*."



THE COMBAT.—From "*Annie of Gerolstein*."

PHILADELPHIA.

Now the heat of summer is upon us, and owing to it and the absence from the city of so many of those of our people who love art, but little is being done in the way of purchases. The principal galleries and stores are comparatively deserted, and those having charge of them feel but little

incentive to arrange in them whatever new things they may receive, preferring to show them cautiously and keep them fresh until the autumn. It is not amiss to speak here of the great advance that has been made in Philadelphia, both in the quantity and quality of the paintings offered for

sale and purchased. During the last year paintings by the most celebrated of the world's artists have found homes in our city. Examples of such celebrities as Rosa Bonheur, Bouguereau, Rousseau, Al. Stevens, Brion, Breton, B. C. Koekkoek, Cabanel, Schreyer, Ziem, Merle, Knaus, Baron, Leys, Isabey, Troyon, Auguste Bonheur, Van Marcke, Williams, and many others of the same character, and amongst the American painters we have heard of sales of the works of Bierstadt, Church, Haseltine, W. T. Richards, E. Moran, and Hamilton, and while private taste and liberality have been thus gratified and stimulated, many things have been broached or started of a public character in the direction of art, that promise to redound greatly to the beauty and importance of the city. There has been a movement towards building an Art Gallery at the Union League, but owing to the absence of so many who would be interested in it, the whole matter will be probably allowed to lie over until next season, when, undoubtedly, it will be carried to completion. The immense size of Fairmount Park, and the natural advantages of the same, for art advancement, has suggested to a number of our citizens, the desirability of forming an association

for the purpose of collecting contributions from the public, for the purpose of adding, from time to time, such objects of art as will help to beautify it and add to its charms. This association has been formed with the following gentlemen as officers: President, A. J. Drexel; Vice-President, H. Corbit Ogden; Treasurer, Jas. L. Claghorn; Secretary, John Bellanger Cox; Trustees, A. J. Drexel, James L. Claghorn, Edward H. Trotter, Wm. J. Horstmann, Henry C. Gibson, Samuel S. White, Henry K. Fox, Thomas Dolan, Archibald Campbell, Joseph Fraley Smith, John Bellanger Cox, H. Corbit Ogden, Fred. Meade Bissell, Walter Lippincott, Charles H. Howell. Of these, two are the possessors of collections of paintings that will rank with those of any of our cities, viz., those of Mr. James

L. Claghorn, and Henry C. Gibson. The erection in the Park of the new statue of President Lincoln by Randolph Rogers, of Rome, will probably take place some time during September, or as soon as the bronze ornaments for the base have arrived, the statue itself being already here. Speaking of statuary, there has been an exhibition here in the

immense window of Bailey & Co., a magnificent bronze statue of Shakespeare, designed for the Central Park, New York. The pose of the figure, its ease, its grace, as well as the thought expressed, and the correctness of the modelling, all commend it as a work of the highest order, and of which Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, may well be proud; as may be Messrs. Robert Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, the firm who cast it in bronze, for anything equal in this respect has never been done in this country, and scarcely excelled abroad.

A VISIT TO HAMILTON.

It was my intention on reaching the Quaker City to visit all the studios. I undertook too much, and will only tell you of my first and only hour of leisure, spent in the studio of James Hamilton, one of America's most gifted landscape and marine painters. His handling of the sea, the clouds, the phases of the weather, or his weird, original conceptions, are all stamped with a genius wholly and entirely his own. Justice cannot be rendered him by any description. His are works which you learn to love only by intelligent study, and through direct acquaintance—only this will win you to the canvas that hold the works of one who is justly entitled to rank as the first marine artist in America.

Among his unfinished pictures are some which he has never before excelled. The first and largest, "Morning among the Mountains," is a marvelous composition of effect and color. Another unfinished work which promises finely is the "Finding of Perditia," a study from the "Winter's Tale." This is one of his grand morning views—a desolate shore, angry sea, and luminous sky.

Two of his more attractive works are, "On the Nile," and a "Castle by the Sea," in which the artist has caught the magic power, and transferred to canvas, all that is so enchanting in eastern atmospheric effects. The first shows us a galley, floating on the still water, just lit to a rich, warm color, by the morning sun; in the distance, upon either bank, half hidden by foliage, are Egyptian ruins. The last is a grand view of angry water, dashing at the foot of scraggy rocks, upon whose crest stands a ruined castle.

Many other works I would mention did time and space allow, in all of which any one, possessing knowledge of art, cannot fail to discover truthfulness of reproduction combined with marked originality of manner.

And the possession of these qualities has caused Mr. Hamilton a world of trouble, for no other artist in the country has been so extensively stolen from, and copied after,—imitated in every conceivable manner; and there are, to-day, many able artists in our country, who, by their industry and talent, have gained a deserved reputation, that is really turned to their discredit and injury through the copies of their works, sold and claimed as "originals." Few of your readers can form an idea of the extent to which this forgery (for it can be called by no other name), is carried on, and how many are made the victims of unprincipled speculators. What can be more contemptible than after first stealing an artist's idea, or his picture entire, to then affix the name of the original artist to a shambling copy, and sell the thing as an original production? This has been done and is being done, every day, at the expense

of a generous public. Only last year a man in the State of Delaware was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, for forging one of Mr. Hamilton's productions! Would that this criminal had the company of all *pseudo* artists guilty of the same crime.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

This Academy has offered \$1,000 for the best designs for its proposed building, to be sent in by November 1. From the circular prepared for the benefit of competitors, we gather the following facts:

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, proposes to erect a building suitable for purposes of exhibition, art schools, and lectures, upon a lot of ground purchased for that object, situated on the southwest corner of Broad and Cherry streets, having a frontage on Broad street of one hundred feet, facing east, and on Cherry street two hundred and sixty feet, facing north. The lot is open to light and air on the east, west, and north, and also on the south side, for a distance of eighty-three feet, eight inches, at the western end. But on the eastern end of the southern boundary it is deprived of openings for light and air by the adjoining properties, for a distance of one hundred and seventy-six feet four inches from Broad street westward.

The structure is to be fire-proof, and to cost about \$250,000, assuming that the material of the Broad street front is of brick, with dark stone dressing. The building to be of two stories, besides cellar under the whole.

The upper story throughout is to be occupied by galleries receiving light through the roof, the rooms to be of unequal sizes, large galleries for large pictures, and small galleries for smaller ones. The collection of works belonging to the Academy is to be permanently arranged in galleries that will be accessible from the main stairway, without the necessity of passing through other rooms to reach them. The range of galleries appropriated to the annual and special exhibitions, will be in like manner accessible from the main stairway, avoiding a necessity of passing through any portion of the permanent collection to reach them. Also, there is to be one gallery not less than thirty-four feet long (or wide), as a free gallery, to be reached, if possible, by the same main stairway, said free gallery to connect with the other galleries, and form a portion of the other range, if so desired. Provisions will be made for the gradual increase and expansion of the permanent collection, by appropriating additional galleries to that use, taken from those used for the annual and special exhibitions. Provision will be made for lifting pictures or marble sculptures into these rooms in the upper story, direct from the vehicle that brings them to the building. It is suggested that a convenient mode to accomplish this, would be such an arrangement of the plan as would admit of a car being backed into the building at the west end, and the objects could then be drawn up through the floor by means of suitable apparatus. A room connecting with the galleries containing the permanent collection will be provided for the storage of students' easels, and similar uses.

The lower story will be eighteen feet high in the clear, and contain 1st, a library (having a fire-proof closet), which room will serve also as a

directors' room. 2nd. A lecture room, with a room at the back (not large), opening on to the stage, and accessible, without passing through the lecture room. 3rd. Galleries for casts from antique sculpture, with windows placed as high up as the ceiling will permit, and so arranged that no figure receives light from more than one window. Connected with the galleries of casts, will be a room for storage of drawing stands, easels, and chairs used by the students, and this will serve for both sexes indiscriminately. There will also be provided a lady students' dressing-room, of good dimensions (separate from the lady visitors' retiring room) where they may deposit their out-door apparel, etc., during hours of study. 4th. A life class, or *painting-room*, about forty feet square, containing a small dressing-room, accessible without passing through the life class room, although opening into it, as near as possible to the model stand or platform. There will also be a modelling room, and a students' entrance on Cherry street, between the life class room and the antique galleries.

The committee consists of the following gentlemen: John Sartain, James L. Claghorn, Henry G. Morris, Henry C. Gibson, Fairman Rogers, Caleb Cope, *ex-officio*.

BRAUN'S AUTHOTYPES.

Intelligent judges of art claim that painting in oil has been retrograde in its movement; that the works of ancient masters have not yet been rivalled, nor even approached by the painters of our time. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, VanDyke, Holbein, and others, all peculiar in their style and colors, have not even been copied to any great perfection; and though artists by the thousands have their easels placed in the Vienna, Louvre, Uffizi, Museum at Basle, the Dresden, Dusseldorf, and other celebrated galleries, they have not as yet succeeded (though great credit is due them for what they have done) in reproducing the exact colors and pose of the different subjects. Most of these copies have been sold to fill up the galleries of amateurs, and so great has been the demand for them that artists have found copying more profitable than exercising their genius in creating originals. But a new phase in fine arts has been developed. Mons. Adolphe Braun has invented a process known as the Authotype, by which a *fac simile*, perfect in the most minute detail of color and shade—even of the tear and wear of the picture—is reproduced. Nearly all paintings of the old masters have been authotyped, as well as their frescoes, antique marbles and statues, such as the sublime frescoes of Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel; the celebrated statuary in the Vatican and Louvre; and this is done with a fidelity that is without a flaw, and with a distinctness that brings every outline and feature as clearly before the eye as if one were standing before the original. Hitherto the sketches and pictures of great masters have been most zealously guarded by the European galleries, and many a lover and enthusiast for fine arts has been prevented, by the slimness of his purse, from a gratification of his darling wish—a view of these treasures. Mr. Braun is thus entitled to, and deserves the thanks of, the public for placing within the reach of those of means most limited an opportunity for not only

admiring but of themselves procuring what had been so long the pride of Europe and the envy of America. Mr. Braun has not left his work half done; he has also reproduced, most faithfully, the different sketches of the masters which even tourists have seen but seldom, and have been, up to this time, like "sealed books" to our traveling countrymen. For these latter copies, the true lover of art will be particularly grateful, for though we admire a beautiful creation, in all its perfection, it is vastly interesting to see it in its elemental condition. We are curious to learn what were the outlines, and how it grew to its completeness; and in thus studying each minute line and touch, we not only improve ourselves, but also form a true conception of the vastness of the work of a painting, like, for instance, "The Last Supper." But not only pictures and marbles has Mr. Braun autographed, but also figures from real life.

Chas. F. Haseltine, of this city (Philadelphia), is sole wholesale agent in the United States, and has a full collection constantly upon exhibition and sale.

NEW YORK.

"Out of town for the summer" is the most frequent reception that greets chance visitors to our New York studios during June and for two months to come. The occupants are now scattered far and wide, choosing such localities as fancy may dictate, or fortune allow. Among the many absentees we find two of our more prominent artists have wisely chosen the beauties of the Maine coast—William DeHaas and A. Cary Smith. E. Wood Perry passes the summer in New England. The charms of the Hudson have wooed R. W. Hubbard and S. R. Gifford. Constant Mayer is at Saratoga, and Matthew Wilson has been won by the attractions of Lake George. Julian Scott is in Virginia, and Mr. T. Gaylord starts for Europe in July. Wordsworth Thompson and T. W. Marshall do their sketching among the Adirondacks. Mr. Chapin is in the Catskills.

Among the exceptional stay-at-homes are Mr. J. Heade, Maurice F. H. DeHaas, L. E. Wilmarth, and a few others, and even these may become infected with a desire to roam, and disaffected with the work of daubing paint with the thermometer at 110° Fahrenheit, when shady groves and breezy forests invite to rest and recuperation.

Among the recent products of the easel is a large Marine, by M. F. H. DeHaas—a study from the Massachusetts coast, which the artist calls "Sunday Evening at Cape Ann," in which he has happily caught the spirit of an old, time-honored custom, and the tall bluff in the middle distance is covered with men and women, who have come, as is their wont, to engage in devotional singing at the quiet hour of eventide. The dashing waves below and the sunset effect are most excellently wrought.

William H. Beard has caused quite a laugh, at Mr. Darwin's expense, by producing a neat little sketch in printing ink, caricaturing the Darwinian theory of "progression."

William Hart is engaged upon another of his notable pastorals, embodying the distinctive features of Berkshire scenery.

A Mr. W. M. Chase, recently from Ohio, has won many encomiums of the most flattering char-

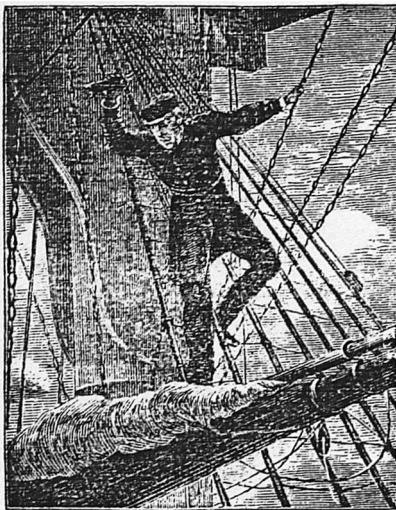
acter as reward for the unusual excellence of a fruit piece just completed.

Thomas Gaylord, a young artist who is rapidly winning his way into the knowledge and appreciation of our best art-loving people, has received a commission from E. L. Davenport for a large-sized reproduction of "The Dying Clown," noteworthy alike for the excellence of its drawing, richness and purity of its color, and forceful manner in which the *motif* of the artist has found expression. Mr. Gaylord goes to Europe this season, to fill this and other commissions which are pressing upon him.

Ward, Tiffany, Mayer and others, have already enshrined, within the sacred precincts of their studios, partially completed, works for the fall exhibition of the N. A. D.

The second summer exhibition is now open, and includes the Suydam collection.

A private view of the new Derby collection was given to artists and gentlemen of the press, on the evening of June 28. MANHATTAN.



"LASHED TO THE SHROUDS."

AMERICAN ART LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF OUR ART-WRITERS.

"THE HACKING OF PICTURES WITH PEN-KNIVES."

Captious critics stand from under! while you see how your short comings are summed up and disposed of in the *Golden Age*;

American art is not the best in the world; but it is better than American art criticism. Inasmuch as art accompanies and illustrates literature, the pen of the writer should, in grateful return, fulfil a brotherly function toward the brush of the painter. All criticism, whether of literature or art, should be generous; for only thus can it be just. But while the pervading tone of current criticism toward books is magnanimous, toward pictures it is mean. To read the flippant and flimsy remarks made in our leading journals (with few exceptions) on the works of our principal artists, particularly as seen in each new yearly exhibition, a person would suppose that art, instead of being one of the most sacred of callings, was merely an ornamental pastime of idleness, and that art-criticism, instead of being a solemn, grave, and judicial function, was a mere social and buoyant effervescence of small wit. We have seen in reputable periodicals such treatment of American art and artists, and particularly of the

National Academy of Design, as would lead a stranger to conclude that the principal literature of the press had formed an offensive league against the principal artists of the Academy. If the artists of New York, in their collective capacity, should publish a journal in which they should systematically attack and punish almost every work of almost every leading American writer as fast as it appeared—for instance, every new poem of Lowell's or Longfellow's, every new history of Motley's or Bancroft's, and every new essay of Emerson's or Howell's—this would very fairly represent *The Tribune's* attitude toward American art and artists down to a very recent period:—a kind of criticism which that journal has lately somewhat (but still only partially) improved. We speak of *The Tribune* because that journal's opinion, whether right or wrong, is always important, and either does much good or more ill, and because other journals, following the smart captiousness of this leader, are more captious and less smart.

ART OUR SALVATION.

A lively contributor to the Boston *Commonwealth* thus discourses upon the prevailing *furor* in that city:

"HIGH ART" A "HOBBY" OF THE "HUB."

The talk and effort in behalf of the Museum has really occasioned quite an agitation. You would think our people were hoping to be saved by art. The new gospel is preached on Sundays, and meetings for edification and conference are held almost every evening during the week. We used to be exhorted to get religion; now we are urged to get art. The reason why Christians are not holy, why monopolies abound, why poor men do not get rich, why "every sixth door opens to vice" (Wendell Phillips), why women go to the bad, why merchants cheat and politicians are humbugs, why toilets are dowdy and victuals indigestible, why homes are ugly and streets crooked, why newspapers are dull and manners boorish, why the birth-rate diminishes and Ben Butler has admirers, is all because we do not cultivate art sufficiently, and so develop our æsthetical natures. Give us art or we perish! This community has tried Puritanism, transcendentalism, liberalism, know-nothingism, fogysm, free schools, free ballots, and the Maine law, and found each of them leaky. There was always some place where human nature slipped through. We are about to try art. If this does not make everything lovely I know not what we shall feel obliged to resort to, unless it be woman suffrage. But we have been wrought up to a high degree of confidence. Some of us are as sure as if we had tried it. If we get art it will be possible to be virtuous, and the consequences of virtue have often been predicted. I have noticed that prediction is the common habit of treating them. For myself, I read what the apostles of the new era have to say, then I read the dispatches from Paris, and doubt.

After all, this great commotion is only an awakening or revival. High art has always been a Boston hobby. For years and years every boy born in Boston has esteemed high art the next best thing to pocket money, and all Boston girls coddle it as soon as they outgrow dolls. Ask any of them and they'll tell you all about it. High art, indeed! My dear sirs, Harvard College is high art—even classic; Bunker Hill monument is high art—220 feet high; the peace jubilee was high art in spite of its tendency to be loud; Fichter was high art—artfully so; the great organ is high art, and to keep it so its pitch is to be raised; Massachusetts Bay is high art, at least it has as good a right to be thought so as the celebrated Lefranc, for, like him, (and I hope this won't devastate your artless soul), it can reach the high sea; *Every Saturday* is ranked as high art on account of its *Graphic* illustrations. Wendell Phillips used to be classed as high art, but last fall he was placed in a strong light and subjected to some standard tests, when it was discovered that, while his style is strictly severe, his proportions are not always true. Faneuil Hall, the *Atlantic*